

Special Touch - Newlyweds

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Special Touch - Newlyweds

by [Elle Gardner](#)

Summary

Time to head back to Georgia for the season, lets see how our couple has come out on the other side of their rough patch.

Notes

If you are back for more, I thank you.

I woke up to Norman kissing my hip, pushing up the t-shirt of his that I was wearing and licking at my tattoo. My fingers threaded through his hair and he looked up at me, his blue eyes were still a little sleepy but he was mischievous for sure. "Morning." I smiled at him and hoped he keep licking. He just nodded and let the flat of his tongue laze along my skin. His dark hair felt so soft, he had met up with Sara yesterday for a pre-filming trim and prep for season six. I had seen her the week before and she had changed my mousy brown to chocolate again, that woman was amazing with color and scissors.

The smell of maple wafted through the apartment and Norman finally left gentle kisses on my hip, pulled the shirt back down and rested his head on my pelvis. "I think your son has improved on my pancake recipe." They smelled better than mine or my mother's ever had.

"Yeah, he's not bad at the stove." His son had been home with us the past week and now that we were packing up and leaving this morning, he had promised to make us all breakfast for the road. "Closed up your big bag last night, just your little one when you're ready." He had been up later than me finishing up his own packing and playing guitar one more night with his son. Norman was already missing his dad time and we hadn't even left yet. "You hungry?" My fingers twirled at some longer sections of hair in the back and I nodded. "Let's go baby." I heard his stomach rumble.

He got up and walked to the bathroom, his ever stunning naked form still captured my attention and still made me wonder how I had ever gotten so lucky to have him. "Cute butt." I called to him just as he crossed into the bathroom and it made his step back, shake his ass a bit then he went back into the bathroom. I didn't want to get out of bed, it was all too comfortable but I knew we had a long day of driving ahead of us, Georgia awaited. Our quiet country home, my family, our friends, his work as well as mine and the endless possibilities that always seemed to be waiting for us.

The table was set, the apartment smelled like maple and bacon and his son was stacking pancakes and pouring warmed syrup into a coffee mug that said "Daryl Rules / Zombie Drool". The guys sat shirtless at the breakfast table already talking about girls, school and how Norman expected his son to behave while he was gone, as if that was truly a concern. The coffee was flowing but I was waiting on my tea to steep while they started in on breakfast. I was going to miss these mornings, though the spread was more elaborate than most days, I loved this little family we had going on and I would miss it as much as Norman would by tomorrow morning.

It didn't take long to finish packing, load the jeep, sweep through the apartment one last time and then hug that skinny kid goodbye. When I had first met him we were just about the same height, but now he towered over me the way his father did. We hugged over and over and ran through the plan for him to visit in Georgia next month then he waved us off as we pulled into city traffic leaving the bustle of New York behind us and headed south for warmer weather and quieter living.

Now that I was migrating south with them, Eye didn't seem to have as much room in the back seat, but that was fine, that cat could get comfortable just about anywhere. We crossed the Newark Bay Bridge to the Jersey Turnpike in relative quiet, my fondness for New York was becoming more rooted every day and I was a little sad to be leaving it all behind again. I watched in my side mirror as the city skyline faded and I rested my hand on Norman's thigh then after about a half hour he suggested we turn on some music and get into the groove of this drive. I picked up his phone and started with his play list.

An eclectic mix of punk, rock and rap had us driving down I95 at a good clip, occasionally I'd flip to a country song but it was mostly his music. The music was blaring and the windows were open, Eye had moved back into his carry case and I had my bare feet up on the dash board. I wished I had a scarf to blow in the wind as we put miles between us and the city.

Norman stopped torturing me with his bad country singing to talk, turning down the radio and rolling up his window half way, "I shipped those photos to Georgia, wanna hang some of them there." He was talking about the ones he had displayed for me last month. Most of his personal photos were at the New York apartment, the Georgia house didn't have much of anything besides the country touches I added here and there. I was never big on decorating which led to many white walls. "I'm thinking down the long hallway we could put some. If you wanted." He was a little shy. We hadn't talked much about his indiscretion since we had pushed past it, but sometimes it still loomed.

I thought back to the wall full of very personal and emotional photographs, one or two more personal than others, "I'd like that." That display of our relationship had meant more to me than I had realized at the time, I had only been able to walk through the 'gallery' twice the week that it was there because he had to give the space back to his friend. I was sad when we had taken them all down and packed them away. "But not the blow job picture." Though I loved the one of my wild and mussed up hair blocking the view of most of his dick, I was sure it wasn't appropriate for public viewing.

“Oh come one, you mom will love it.” He grabbed and kissed my hand in an attempt to be adorable, which he was.

I rubbed my knuckles on his cheek, “Yeah, and my dad will hunt you down with a shot gun like it is Reedus season.” My father loved Norman, but his precious little girl didn’t do things like get on her knees and suck cock. “And my ma would hold the door open as he dragged your dead body into the woodshed for guttin’.” My faded drawl was suddenly back in full force.

“Alright, alright... we’ll stick to the hand holding ones.” He squeezed my hand tight.

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We checked into our hotel, nothing fancy but it had room service and a bed and that’s all either one of us cared about that night. We set up food and water for Eye then crawled into the king sized bed. Norman flipped off his hat, kicked off his boots and laid back in the white sea of bedding. I crawled on top of him straddling his hips armed with some pre-dinner chocolate cake we were both craving. With Norman it was a battle to keep him from turning this pristine bed into the scene of a food fight but somehow we managed to finish the cake with only minimal crumbs. “I love you.” His eyes were squinted from the setting sun that poured into the room and I was half leaning off the bed trying to put the plate on the nightstand when he said it.

“Love you too.” The plate rattled and scared the cat who was curled up on the arm chair.

He waited for me to come back to him then he said it again, this time, reaching up to touch my face as he whispered it, “I love you Holly Marie Carpenter.” He pulled me down and kissed me, drawing me into his hold. “I love you so much.” He spoke from the heart and that made me happy and scared all at the same time.

“What’s wrong Norman?” He was often romantic but not so much sentimental like he was right now.

“Nothin’” He let me sit back up to look at him as he spoke. “I just don’t tell you that enough.” He rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand closing his eyes. “Just want you to know that you are the most important person in my life and I don’t know what I would do without you.” He had been more sincere these past weeks but this was too much.

I burst into tears, his sweet words and the honesty that came with them were too much for me to take. I curled into his hold and cried for a while as he kissed my hair and rubbed my back, never apologizing for making me cry, just rocking a little.

When I finally stopped blubbering I kissed his cheek and smiled at him, “Why is it when I cry your dick gets hard?” I realized that he was stiff against my thigh.

He shied; that cute adorable smile he gets, where he turns his head and tries to hide because he is embarrassed and then he can’t get the grin off his face because he isn’t ashamed of his erection.

“What?” He was laughing now, “You were rubbing against me, it just happened.” He covered his mouth trying not to laugh and then it all got out of hand. He rolled me off of him and straddled on top of me, kissing my wet cheeks and brushing the hair out of my face. “But since I’m hard...” It was that boyish smirk that I loved so much. I nodded, like a puppy dog excited for attention I was more than happy to accommodate his hard dick.

Somehow I ended up naked first and he pulled me to the end of the bed and began to feast between my legs, he cracked two knuckles then slid his fingers inside of me while he looked up at my face smirking when he could. His licking and sucking alternated between his fingering and at one point he slid out, wiggled his fingers at me and asked how many I would like. We had entertained the idea of fisting a few times but I wasn’t built to accommodate his large hand.

“All of them... just not at the same time,” I giggled, “Or just use both holes.”

He bit at the inside of my thigh then called me a dirty girl just before he spread me even wider and began to rim me, dear lord that man has skills with his mouth. Though I was in an unflattering position, the ecstasy of it all had me moaning out his name and a few other things that were unintelligible. Norman worked fingers into me spreading me wider with each twist and push, adding spit and taking it excruciatingly slow. It was heaven the way he handled me

and the orgasm he drew from me made me arch off the bed as I moaned out. He smiled wide as he encouraged me then slowly edged out of me, kissing my flesh as he did it, wiping his fingers on his pants and climbing into bed to hold me as I came down from my high.

“So beautiful, love makin’ you cum.” He stroked my hair and whispered in my ear. “Did I wear you out baby?” He pulled the blanket over me a bit covering my naked flesh from the air conditioned room.

I shook my head. I was far from done tonight. “No Norman, not at all. I want more.” I ran my hand over his dick. “I want you inside me.”

He nodded and kissed me, “I was hopin’ you’d want that.” We kissed and I started to paw at his clothing, getting him naked and telling him how much I needed to feel him inside of me. I wasn’t begging for it but my body ached for him. It had been a few days but it felt like longer since we had connected. By the time he was naked I was ready to fuck, I started to crawl onto the bed but he stopped me, “I want you on top.” He was forgoing our usually happy, rear entry, deep penetration position for something more intimate. Norman touched my cheek, kissed me and whispered, “Wanna watch your face.” I nodded.

He laid off the end of the bed, his feet still on the floor as I climbed on top of him and slid myself down his shaft, hands gripping tight as I eased into a rhythm and rode him. My tits bouncing as his thumb played with my clit. The eye contact was intense and it was the first time in a month that I had felt this close to him. He sat up, wrapped his arms around me and we rocked together, kissing and licking, moaning, panting and finally cumming, held tight in our embrace as I told him how much I loved him. He just nodded with his eyes closed as he listened to me tell him how much I cherished him then he replied with sweet words of love that I hardly knew I had needed to hear till he has me smiling ear to ear while we cuddled.

Norman fell asleep and I snuck out of bed, washed up and ordered some food. I knew he wouldn't sleep long and when dinner arrived he woke to the knock at the door. We shared a shrimp salad and another piece of cake before we settled into the sofa and stayed up late watching *Midnight Cowboy* for the millionth time with Eye snuggled next to us. This all made me think that this is what our first night of our honeymoon would be like if we ever got married.

[illegible]

The first few days back to Georgia were a whirlwind. Norman had to leave almost straight away for Los Angeles to work on press related things, show meetings and a chance to catch up with most of the cast. He was excited to go but also bummed that I wasn't going with him. I was already scheduled to be working back at the gym, my folks had been missing me and Mandy had asked me to catch up with her as soon as possible. I had dropped a bomb on her the last time we had talked on the phone and she wanted to discuss things further. I knew I could have told her to just let it go, that I didn't want to talk about my crazy life, but that would have been a lie. She was right in some respects, if it hadn't been for Norman, my sex life would not have been as interesting as it had turned out to be. I had kissed Norman goodbye, then cleaned up the drill and screws that had been left behind from our morning of creating a gallery down the long hallway. We had chosen seven prints to hang there and left room to add a few more that we vowed to create over the next few weeks. We also hung one of the racier ones in our bedroom, but the blowjob photo got filed away, all the way to the bottom of the box.

By the time Mandy had come over I was ready for the girl time, we had a lot of catching up to do, Tom had proposed to her last week and I couldn't wait to see the ring live and in person. She let herself in the back door just as I was shutting off my tablet.

"Bout time you got home." She dropped her purse on the island.

The chair practically fell over as I jumped up, "Show me, show me!" She held out her hand to display the ring. It was a simple gold band that held a solitary, round cut diamond with two smaller tiny cuts on each side of it. It was the right size for her small hand, nothing loud or showy, much the way Mandy preferred to be. "I'm so happy for you, for both of you." I hugged her tight and held her for longer than expected but this past month had been crazy and I had missed her, and missed being here when Tommy popped the question. "Tell me everything." She had promised to keep most of the details till we were in person.

I poured her some sweet tea and we sat on the back deck as she shared the romantic details. "We drove out to his family farm, out to the back side so no one knew we were there. We sat by the brook talking and had a picnic, just the usual when we want to get away. We had talked about getting married lately but nothing really. Just talk. Then I was packing up lunch and when I turned around he was down on one knee looking at me."

It all sounded so simple and it made me giddy for her. She went on to tell me all the sweet words he shared, the private moment of how he poured out his heart to her and how they both

cried when she said yes. Even now she was choked up and so was I. Mandy had waited a very long time to find the right, even having turned down a proposal years ago, and now she was with the man of her dreams. “Now we have to pick a date, figure out all the details, but we are not rushing things. And I told him that I needed you to be my maid of honor.” We both became silly and gushed how I wouldn’t miss it for the world. “So I want to plan it when you will be here.” We talked about things, how I would be here no matter where Norman and I were living. If she went with a winter wedding, I would come home for a month. Mandy wasn’t in a rush to hash out details, she wasn’t that far in the planning stages.

I went in and grabbed more iced tea and a bag of chips then she started peppering questions at me. “How are you guys?” “Obviously you forgave him for being a dick.” “Is he still apologizing?” She wasn’t judging me or the fact that I didn’t dump Norman for cheating on me, but she was making sure making sure that I was being honest with her and myself.

“I know you don’t agree Mandy or understand, but I’m not mad at him for screwing up. He doesn’t live a normal life, he has so many opportunities to.... Well, I just can’t be pissed at him for one drunken fuck up when there could be so many more.” We were quiet for a minute as she thought about it.

“Did you know my hair dresser has a picture of Norman at her station?” I think Mandy was processing how many woman might throw themselves at him on a regular basis. “I guess she met him at a coffee house last summer and he took a picture with her.” I laughed, I wasn’t surprised at all. “You were there. I when I asked her about the picture I told her that I knew you and she said she met you too.”

“Oh god, I hope I was nice. A few weeks ago on Twitter someone said they met Norman in the city and I stood there like a bitch.” I didn’t remember that particular fan encounter but if it was shortly after his indiscretion, I may not have been my cheery self on the sidelines.

Mandy snickered knowing I was rarely bitchy. “She said you were nice, you even took a picture with her.”

It clicked, “Oh yeah, I remember that, it was over at The Grind. She was sweet. She stood with me and talked while she waited for a chance to talk to Norman. God, what’s her name?” I couldn’t remember the blond girls name but I did remember how sweet she was.

“Anabelle. She’d been doing my hair for a while now.” Now it clicked, a true southern name for a southern belle.

We talked a while longer but there was still something looming between us and Mandy finally brought it up. “Can we talk about that thing you said on the phone? I know it’s not my business but...” I knew exactly what she was talking about but she elaborated anyways, “You bring other people into your bed?” She was less mortified now than she had been when I blurted this out last month. “I mean, I don’t need details but really, is that what you want?” She was a homespun girl with pretty straight laced values.

I knew this was going to come up, I had thought about what I was going to say. “It’s not all the time,” I had never told anyone any of this, what seemed so comfortable and normal now in my life, wasn’t easy for me to talk about. “I don’t even know what to say. But yeah, it is what I want, even if I didn’t know it at first.” I had thought about that first time Norman had brought Sean into our relationship, how I had never honestly entertained the idea of three people in a bed before. “I was so scared that first time, like it would ruin our relationship and what if I liked it. What if I like it too much. But Norman is just open to things like that, he was raised differently.”

“Was it a guy or a girl?” Mandy had questions, I could tell.

I closed my eyes, “Oh he is all guy.” I laughed thinking of how manly Sean liked to come off.

She leaned in a little, “And the three of you... I mean. Did they both?” I nodded, I couldn’t actually form that words that told her I had been double teamed, but she got the gist of it. “How.... I mean... Was it good?” She was shy and curios and we both ended up laughing hysterically.

“Oh sweet Jesus it was good. It was so good.” Being with Norman and Sean was simple, it was mainly always about me, about my pleasure and I could be greedy in that moment. Unlike when we were with Jessie or Andy or the Lincoln’s. Being with Sean almost felt selfish and sometimes I really liked that. There was no need to go into details, there had just been a weight lifted that it wasn’t a big secret any longer.

Then she got a little serious, “Do you do this a lot. I mean, are there lots of people you invite?”

I shook my head, “Just a few. Only sometimes.”

“Look, just remember, no matter how much you love him, you can always say no.” She was sincere and it meant a lot to me to know she cared, even if she fully didn’t understand that this was all mutual and welcome and not just this one sided thing that made only Norman happy.

We grabbed lunch at the diner and spent the afternoon shopping and gossiping and it just felt good to be home.

“So Sunday, me and Tom are having our first fish fry of the year and in our new place together, please say you guys are coming.” They had one every year but not usually this late in the season. I had missed the last bunch of them being in New York but I wouldn’t miss this one.

I hugged her, “Yes! He’s never been, this will be fantastic.” It was one of those southern things I couldn’t wait to share with him.

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Norman: Andy says hi

Me: Tell him hi back. Hope you guys have fun

Norman: CU tomorrow xxx

I didn’t ask how much fun those two might have had these past days, I had vowed to let Norman have this without letting my jealousy or curiosity get the better of me. This was

simply part of who Norman is and I loved him unconditionally when it came to his bisexuality and his relationship with Andy.

Norman would be home for just a few days before he had to get to filming, the town was buzzing at the cast was coming back, crews were setting up and fans were beginning to flock from near and far. I was just excited to spend a few days with him before the schedule got crazy again. We would have the weekend together and I couldn't wait for him to get home.

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I was sitting naked on the kitchen island when Norman had finally got home. He had called from the airport when he landed and I knew he wasn't too tired or road-worn for a little sex. I had missed him so much, it didn't matter that we had Facetime'd in bed every night or that we had even masturbated together last night, I had missed him, his body and his touch.

When I heard his jeep pull into the driveway I had dropped my robe, hopped on the island, bare assed on the cold marble and then I lit one of Norman's cigarettes and inhaled. Two beers next to me waiting for us, I was giddy when he turned the knob and opened the door. "Whoa, hey..." He dropped his back pack and his shoulder bag in the middle of the floor and stepped to me. "Hi." He took off his sunglasses and scanned my body, legs shut tightly, breasts thrust forward and not much more than bright red lipstick around a cigarette to welcome him. He drank in the sight.

"Hello there." I smiled then dragged of the smoke, hoping that he was still as awake as he had been when we talked on the forty five minutes earlier. I picked up a beer off the counter and showed it to him. "Welcome home, wanna beer?"

Norman nodded while his tongue darted out and grazed his lips, his eyebrows raised for an instant and he had that look, the one where he was feeling naughty and something dirty was about to happen. He took the beer, swigged off the top then rolled the cold bottle across my breasts making me screech and giggle. Then he took the cigarette from me and inhaled deeply.

"You miss me?" He was touching me, using the cold bottle to coax my legs open and he stepped between them, pressing himself to me. I nodded. He put the bottle to his lips again,

drank down more then put it aside before sliding his cold fingers between my legs. "A lot?" There was a wide smile and I couldn't remember the last time I had seen him this happy after getting home from a trip.

I mindlessly nodded as I hooked a leg around him and pulled him tight. My arms snaked around him and I drew him in for a kiss. "A lot." We made out in the kitchen like teenagers as I stripped him out of his t-shirt and he started at his belt. He flicked the cigarette into the sink and let me take his clothes off of him.

"Don't move." He pulled away from me and I caught my breath then watched as he unlaced his boots and pulled them off. Stolen glances up to me with that grin on his face had me spreading my legs for him. "Yeah, you are so bad." He finished with his boots and stripped out of his jeans.

Chewing on my pinky I batted my eyelashes, "So bad I'm gonna get a spanking?" My voice teased.

Norman just shook his head. "Ah... no. This is the kind of bad that gets you banged till you're legs shake and I have to carry you to bed."

I laughed, "That sounds good."

His boxerbriefs were tented and he crooked a finger at me, drawing me off the island. He pointed to the floor and I knelt in front of him as he pulled himself out and stroked for a moment then guided his hard dick to my mouth. "Open." I was feeling sassy, and a little defiant. I just looked up, never opening my mouth and I waited. He said it one more time and when I ignored him again, this time instead making a duck face at him, he grabbed a fist full of my hair with one hand and used the other to slap his dick across my cheek. "Open. You know you want it." He was right, I wanted his cock like I wanted chocolate and watermelon coolers.

I opened wide and he slowly fed his dick to me as my tongue snaked out and licked at his flesh, enjoying the taste of him and the feel of his shaft as it passed over my lips and finally found the back of my throat. One hand in my hair, the other at my cheek, he slowly eased in and out of my mouth, gentle and sweet, not at all what he promised. My mouth filled with

spit and began to drip a little, I think that's what he wanted as it made him smile, "There's my pretty princess." He never called me that, I tried not to laugh with a mouth full of dick.

Norman eased out one last time then knelt in front of me, eye to eye. "Right here?" I smiled, as he continued. "You want me to take you right here in the kitchen." I mindlessly nodded my head. He kissed me, messy with spit and all then we stood up and he started to turn me, to bend me over the island but I stopped him.

"No." I hooked a leg around his hip and rubbed my pelvis to him. "Like this, I want see your face." We opted again for this face to face moment of dirty love making. I loved the way he nodded in agreement, his tongue grazing his bottom lip. First he worked out of his underwear than he grabbed my leg again and rubbed his cock against my opening.

"Missed you." He teased a bit then slid inside of me. Not slow or agonizingly this time, now he was focused. He pushed deep till he was buried inside of me then gripped at my hips and began to fuck me, fast and needy and I had to wrap myself around him to stay standing on my one leg. Ballet dancer I am not, but he felt so good, as if we hadn't done this just a few days ago. He grunted as he thrust and I buried my face at his neck begging him to take me harder. He obliged me and pushed harder. I felt like I was working against him trying to keep my balance but I didn't want it to stop.

His hands gripped my ass then turned me a little and still inside me he sat me onto the island and pushed me back as we knocked beer bottles off the edge and they smashed on the floor. It had all happened so fast but now he was able to thrust deeper and I was able to wrap both legs around him and feel his chest to mine as we fucked like mad in the middle of the kitchen. Swears flew from his mouth as he banged his hips to the island and drew my ass to the edge for deeper penetration. His big hands grabbed my tits and he squeezed and played as he fucked me. I wanted every day to be like this, sweaty and sexy filled with lust and fun.

I came like a vice, my whole body going ridged as the orgasm ripped through me and I moaned out his name, over and over.

"Right here Holly." He bucked into me, holding me close, "I'm here." His orgasm came as my aftershocks were subsiding. There was a primal groan that came from him as he breathed out the word 'mine' over and over. We stayed wrapped together as we slowed down and finally kissed.

“Welcome home.” I smirked as he slowly pulled out of me.

“Fuck. Yeah, this is a good welcome home.” He kissed my nose then he stepped back, looking at me as I sat on the island, legs shaking from the sex a little and his cum oozing. I could feel it. We had so much to clean up.

Norman knelt down, just about eye level with my pussy and he spread my legs wide. Gentle kisses grazed the inside of my thighs as he edged closer to my dripping center.

“Norman, what are you doing?” I looked down at him past my breasts and my stomach and to the top of his head as his hands glided on my thigh.

His fingers slipped inside the mess between my legs, “Shhh.” He snapped at me with a smirk then he fingered me, and drew his fingers out, bringing them to my curious face till I opened my mouth and tasted him. I loved the taste of his cum, I always had, I sucked deep as if I were giving him a blow job then I watched as he licked me clean. Starting at my ass then to my pink pussy where he made gratuitous sucking sounds and licked me till all the cum and juices were gone. With his fingers still in my mouth I watched him with fascination as he feasted between my legs in a way that, surprisingly, he had never done before. When he was done he stood up and tipped my head back as he loomed over me and then let the cum and spit drip from his mouth to mine. I held it in my mouth, sharing it back with him as we kissed till finally we swallowed.

Norman brushed a lock of hair from my face. "Mine." I nodded. "You start the shower and I'll clean up the kitchen." Not that he wasn't usually helpful, but this was a bit much even for him.

I shook my head. "We'll do it together." He helped me off the island and we started at the beer bottle mess all over the floor.

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Mandy was feverishly setting up the back when I got there, Tom was pouring oil in the fryer and there was an army of helpers setting up already. I hadn't been to one of Mandy's fish fries in a long time, but the guest list seems to have grown, she had three long tables set in the yard now, at least thirty chairs set up under the rented tent. It was going to be hot today and the shade was welcome.

"Bout time girl, I need you to finish the relish tray and then get working on a big batch of your watermelon coolers for me." Mandy had her hands full but still kissed me on the cheek and pointed to the garage where all the food prep was happening.

I had Norman's back pack over my shoulder stocked with a change of clothes for me, he had to run to a meeting this morning and wouldn't catch up with me till after the party started, but there was too much work to do right now for me to even think. "Yes ma'am." I gave her half a salute and headed for the prep station giving her mom a big hug and settling into to work. I over filled the trays with dill pickle spears, whole jalapeno and sweet banana peppers then I pulled the sweet yellow onions out of the freezer and cut them up in a basin of water, no tears for me, thank you.

Tom's brother Mitch was our appointed DJ for the day and now that he was set up he started playing Kenny Chesney and Jason Aldean to get us going. I got started on my adult version of my watermelon cooler which I kicked up a notch this time with Patrone tequila and agave nectar instead of just sugar. It was a process, cubing up and freezing the fruit, cooking up the sweet nectar with scotch bonnet peppers for kick then getting it all mixed up and stored. The kids version was more of a slushy and that was a breeze to make. By the time I was done, the guys had gotten all the lights strung and I was helping set the tables.

Mandy and her mom were nowhere to be found which could only mean one thing, they were inside working on their family recipe for their seasoned cornmeal coating for the catfish and their special hush puppies. I heard a motorcycle pull in and I was shocked to see Norman here so soon, he pulled up alongside the barn and took off his helmet.

"Dude you're early." Tom yelled out and seemed glad to see him.

They hugged and I watched from across the yard as they talked for a while and I set condiment on the tables, rocks glasses filled with wild flowers and rolls of paper towels. Norman helped Tom move the mini chest freezer closer to the fryer then finally came over to see me. "Putting me to work already." He gave me a hug.

“I’ve been at it for hours,” I kissed him. “How’d you get out early?”

Norman laughed, “Greg wanted to work more but his family was nagging so we cut it short. I’m gonna help Tom lug some stuff around, he said something about a keg.” It made me smile to know he fit in so well with this part of my life, we didn’t spend a huge amount of time with my friends but when we did, he was just one of the guys.

We finished setting up, Mandy and I changed into party clothes and by the time the guests really started pouring in, we were all four drinks deep and laughing pretty hard. It was a good mixed crowd of all ages, couples and singles, rednecks and country boys. There were tons of kids playing yard games and Mandy had rented a bounce house. Somewhere in the middle of it we toasted their engagement which made Mandy blush. Norman had grabbed a seat near the edge of the tent so that his smoking wouldn’t bother folk but people seemed to congregate around him anyways. Some he had met over the years, a bunch of new faces for him, most were fans, one or two hated the traffic his show caused but all in all, it was causal and friendly.

“Help me.” Mandy grabbed my arm and practically pulled me off Norman’s lap leaving him to bullshit with folks on his own. “Annabelle is here and I’m trying to hook her up with Tom’s little brother.” We caught up with her handing over coleslaw to Mandy’s dad and once I saw her face I remember her completely from our meeting at the The Grind last summer. We hugged and chatted. She was a cute thing, great blond hair, a nice figure and a beautiful smile that just lit up her face. If I remembered right, she had lost weight since last summer. “Annabelle you have to come meet Mitch.” Apparently Mandy had been planning this for days now, “He’s at the sound system.”

Sadly we were not being subtle as we introduced them and they chatted for a minute before he had to get back to changing the music around.

Mandy was called to work on some food and I dragged Annabelle with me for a while back to the smoking / tobacco chewing corner as it had become. “Don’t let me make an ass of myself in front of Norman.” She whispered in my ear, I caught a whiff of her perfume, light and fruity. She held my arm as we joined the group and I pulled her up a chair to sit with us.

I reintroduced her to Norman and he smiled, but I knew he only vaguely remembered her from a year ago, which was actually more than I had expected. Talk was all over the place and I cozied into Norman's lap after Mandy assured me that she didn't need any more help. We stayed that way till the fish fry was served. There was so much food, baked beans and slaw, grilled corn on the cob, fried okra and hushpuppies.

I showed him how to eat his catfish, a huge bite with onion and pickle topped on it. He embraced the tradition and chowed down. "These are amazing." Norman was on his third hushpuppy. "Why don't you make these?" He was eating his with the Louisiana hot sauce instead for the chili honey Tom had made, but we let the city guy slide on this one.

I laughed, "I've tried, I can't get 'em right so I'm just waiting for Mandy to spill her secret recipe to me some day." Mandy just shook her head, it was never going to happen.

Norman kissed me, "That's ok, I love you anyways." He went back to his food, indulging in his plate of southern goodness and really enjoying his first fish fry to the fullest. I think we both ate too much but it didn't stop us from helping with clean up and starting in on the strawberry shortcake. He was enjoying his last day of relaxation before the start of filming tomorrow.

By the time everyone left it was well past dark, the bon fire was dying down and there were only six of us left under the tent. Annabelle and Mitch seemed to have been hitting it off, she stayed seated by my side, but they had been talking most of the night. Norman and Tom were stacking chairs while Mandy and I just whispered, "Have you forgiven him yet?"

Mandy had been offended and angry about Norman's indiscretion though I hadn't told him that. And even after our talk earlier in the week, I could tell he still irked her.

She nodded, "Yeah, I get that it was a fuck up, he loves you so much. Saw you two making out behind the barn earlier." I blushed, we had gone to grab wood for the bon fire and Norman had pinned me against the red plank sidewall and practically molested me, he couldn't seem to keep his hands out from under my skirt. If we had been with his friends, he would have been more blatant about it, but with mine, he was enjoying this naughty stolen moment. I was no better, rubbing against his hardness and begging him to take me, 'Bend me over, right here, I need you. We'll be quick.' Norman had thought about it for a split second before he reminded me, 'I'm not that quick.' We had kissed and laughed and then

straightened ourselves up and grabbed the firewood. We had actually stolen two more of those moments during the day.

“I know he didn’t mean to do it, I am just so protective of you.” Mandy squeezed my hand. She really was an amazing friend.

Norman interrupted, “We gotta go baby, I got work in the morning.” Norman had to be on set for 5:00am and I was booked up at the gym as well. My first appointment was at nine. Everyone stood up and hugged and we slowly packed up our leftovers and piled them into the jeep.

Annabelle grabbed my hand, “Did I make an ass of myself?” She has half joking.

“Not at all. So what about Mitch?” They had been talking most of the evening after he had switched over to just running some mixed music off his iPod.

She looked over, “He’s sweet, but I don’t know. Not sure if he’s really what I’m looking for.” I was glad she had said it, I had known Mitch long enough to know that Annabelle wasn’t his type, he was more the love ‘em and leave ‘em kind of guy and for him, it would only be a once or twice kind of thing. “I think, never mind, it’s complicated.” Annabelle had a story there for sure.

Norman whispered in my ear, his lips grazing my flesh and his hot breath on me, “You can stay if you want Holly. I can head home.” He had stopped drinking hours ago, he needed to be on his game for his first day of the new season.

“No it’s fine.” I hugged Annabelle, “Let’s talk about it another time.” She was a really sweet girl and if anyone could appreciate complicated, it was me.

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Somewhere after Norman's orgasm he had pushed me flat down on the mattress and half laid on top of me panting. "I really like you in this dress." I was still in my sun dress, though he had yanked off my panties when we got to the bed.

"Apparently." He had ravaged me at the bedroom door just before I started to change into pajama. I had been so hot for him I came within minutes. I listened to his breathing and realized he was going to fall asleep on top of me. "Oh baby, come on, let's actually go to bed." I didn't want to be pinned down in this position. We got up and washed, brushed our teeth and talked after we turned off the lights.

"Excited for tomorrow?" He loved the first day of a shooting season.

I curled into his hold, "Yeah. Good to see everyone again." I could tell he was deep in thought.

Even though they had caught up over the past few days I was sure his mind was on Andy. "Did you two get a chance to connect in LA?" We hadn't talked about it when he had gotten home and I didn't think that they had had sex, but I just didn't know.

Norman shook his head, I could feel him do it as he twisted a lock of my hair around his finger. "Nah. We ate together and bullshitted." He was quiet, I just waited and listened to him breath. "I told him I couldn't do it anymore." His tone dropped, "Not right now anyways." I was frozen but he just kept twirling my hair and kissed my head. "Mine." He squeezed me tight.

I was still in shock but I knew that if I didn't talk about it now, we wouldn't. "Norman, I never asked you to not be with Andy." He was holding me tight so I didn't bother to try and sit up, I knew he wouldn't want to talk face to face anyways. "What's going on?" I traced my fingers down his chest trying not to sound as deathly concerned as I really felt. The thought of Norman giving up someone that made him feel so happy and complete terrified me.

He shrugged. "I just want to be focused here, with you. Us. He's a distraction that I don't need right now. When we're solid again, We'll talk about it." I could tell he had thought it through before he had told me. "Really, this is good. We're getting' good again." He was right there, since his indiscretion we were better than we had been in ages. He was focused on us and I was thinking about long term in ways I never had before. Wondering if we could

make a life long commitment to each other and still have our play with others. I didn't want to give up the occasional tryst with Sean, or Gael and Andy but I would instantly if it was what our relationship needed. I would never see another dick again, or pussy for that matter. I wasn't thinking marriage but I was thinking about forever, where we would be after his show ended, when we weren't commuting from New York to Georgia. Where would we live, I could always find work but his career would be the focus, and he'd want to be close to his son. There was so much to think about and I wondered if this was how newlyweds felt at the start of their grand adventure.

I nodded my head in agreement and I kissed his chest. We feel asleep in each other's arms, just where we belong.

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